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AUTUMN/WINTER, 1968-1969
VOL. XIX, NO. II

The SPIRE

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

the beaming face of each child. I could not help thinking of the admonition — "Forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,"—as I watched these tiny, beautiful children flock around the most elite warriors in Uncle Sam's Army.

I went from camp to camp all over Vietnam, travelling by helicopter, jeep, cargo plane, supply truck, observation aircraft, and even by sampan. I went from one camp to the next with the mission of ministering to these men and perhaps helping to build up their

morale. In each remote location I would hold worship services for the entire team. Almost immediately after services they would say, "Come on, Chaplain, let us show you around."

They would show me the community improvement projects they had going for the people, have me go with them on medical patrols to distant villages where impromptu clinics were set up to treat the sick, and take me to schools that had been built for the children. By the time we made it back to camp I would realize that I was the

one who had been "ministered unto" and it was my morale that had been lifted.

As I watched these warriors do their deeds of compassion, and as I saw them building for a better tomorrow, I could not help thinking of the words of Scripture, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me."

This is a warning. Beware of men who wear green hats. If you look under any Green Beret you'll more than likely find a hard-core "do gooder."

• The Chapel of the Green Berets in Vietnam at the Special Forces Base Camp.



• The school house built by Special Forces in Vietnam.

• A little orphan girl tries on a green beret.



• Chaplain Boyce holds a curb-stone conference with two orphans.



• Chaplain Boyce confers with Vietnamese staff member of orphanage.



• Children of a Christian orphanage situated by the South China Sea. They receive food and clothing from Special Forces personnel in Vietnam.



• Montagnard children of the JARAI tribe attending school built by the Green Berets.



• Two of the staff members go outside with the children at a Christian orphanage at Nha Trang, Vietnam.



• Chaplain Boyce receiving Air Medal and Bronze Star recently for combat service in Viet Nam with U. S. Special Forces.

DESPAIR AND HOPE IN THE GHETTO



Richard F. Peirce, Student Intern
at Roseville Church, Newark 1967/1968.



• What's there to hope for?

"We'll get you, white devil, just you wait until summer!" yelled Roy. The words echoed through the church gym as I stood at the door waiting for the teenagers to leave. Roy was only aiming at me a little of the frustration and hopelessness of the ghetto life pent up inside him.

Life in the streets of Newark is not life, it is existence. Roy lives in a city that among major cities has the highest percentage of sub-standard housing, the highest crime rate, the highest rate of venereal disease, and the highest maternal and infant mortality rates. It is second among major cities in population density and is among the top five in unemployment. One out of three high school students becomes a drop-out before graduation. Half of the students will be below a sixth grade reading level by their senior year in high school.

• • •

Statistics can never give you the true picture. I visited the apartment of the Thomas family and choked from the stench of the broken sewer main. "The landlord refuses to fix it," Mrs. Thomas said, "so all us tenants are pooling our money and hope to save enough in three weeks to have it repaired." She and her five children live in a small three room apartment — the father left them years ago.

• • •

"Mr. Peirce, I won't be at church school this Sunday." I turned to face the boy who had just spoken. William was in sixth grade, an active member of the church club program. His voice was strained and his eyes glazed. He appeared to be in a state of shock.

"I'm sorry William," I replied. "Why can't you make it?"
"My brother just died."

An autopsy later revealed that his older brother whom he idolized had died of an overdose of narcotics.

• • •

The Newark riot of July 1967 was just a more dramatic expression of the daily despair of slum life. Those four days and nights stood still for me as I watched an angry rebellion erupt, triumph for a short time, and then subside under the onslaught of police and National Guard. Short, jagged pieces of memory flash through my mind — the sporadic sounds of crackling gunfire and wailing sirens, the crashing of broken windows, the nervous white cop cursing the silent cluster of bystanders; the sight of men, women and children wandering from store to store as they looted; streets empty during rush hour save for occasional fire trucks and police cars; truck caravans of National Guardsmen and the slow rumbling of tanks. The screeching of tires as a sniper drives by our corner shooting aimlessly to distract the police; the rows of store windows systematically riddled by bullets. These are but a few of my memories of those terrible days and nights.

The breakdown of the fabric of society is a frightening thing to behold, but the socio-economic conditions that caused the rioting are in the long run far more terrible. When a man loses all hope there remains no meaning to life, no reason to try to better himself. When this hopelessness pervades an entire group of people it breeds upon itself, and the result is the agonizing chaos of the ghetto.

There are some faint rays of hope. For a year I worked with the youth of an inner-city church in Newark, and I saw some of the changes that love, attention, and the power of God can produce.



• The only playground for 3,000 children is the garbage littered sidewalks.



• Monthly church suppers bring black and white families together in true Christian community.



• Church school meets Thursday after school as well as Sunday morning.



• Roseville Church Bulletin Board.



• Bus trips offer a chance to see the wider world.



• Crusader clubs offer enrichment, learning, and achievement in the lives of James and Ronnie Andrews.

"Hi Tommy," I called to a passing youngster. "Where are you going?"

"To tutoring, Mr. Peirce."

"Oh, how do you like it?"

"It's O.K. I guess. Last spring I was getting D's on a fourth grade level, now I'm getting B's on a seventh grade level!"

His forced casualness couldn't hide his pride, and justifiably so. He had been going only one hour a week on one of the church's tutoring programs.

• • •

We were in New York City for the day. "Let's kill them niggers! We'll teach them where they belong." As he spoke the white teenager pulled off his brass studded belt and moved toward us.

"Let's get out of here!" Sam cried, and before I knew it my boys' club had scattered in all directions, with the white gang on their heels.

Somehow in the ensuing wild and shouting scuffle no one was seriously hurt and our group was able to reassemble and leave in one piece.

As we returned home we talked about what had happened. Out of the excited comments and discussions the boys gained a new awareness of prejudice and violence, of the need for sticking together and "keeping cool."

At the end of the trip there was a spontaneous period of prayer. "Dear Lord," Bob prayed, "we sure had a close call! Thank you for keeping us safe and that no one got hurt. Help us to learn from what happened so that You will be proud of us. Amen!"

• • •

The church raised money to pay for the utilities of a family who had been without light or heat for a year. Some time later one of the daughters, Cynthia, proudly told a staff member, "Mrs. Palmer, we just had our lights turned on today!" They rejoiced together for a few minutes, then Cynthia asked quietly, "Can you give me a 'share box' for next Sunday? I want to give God what I can to thank him."

• • •

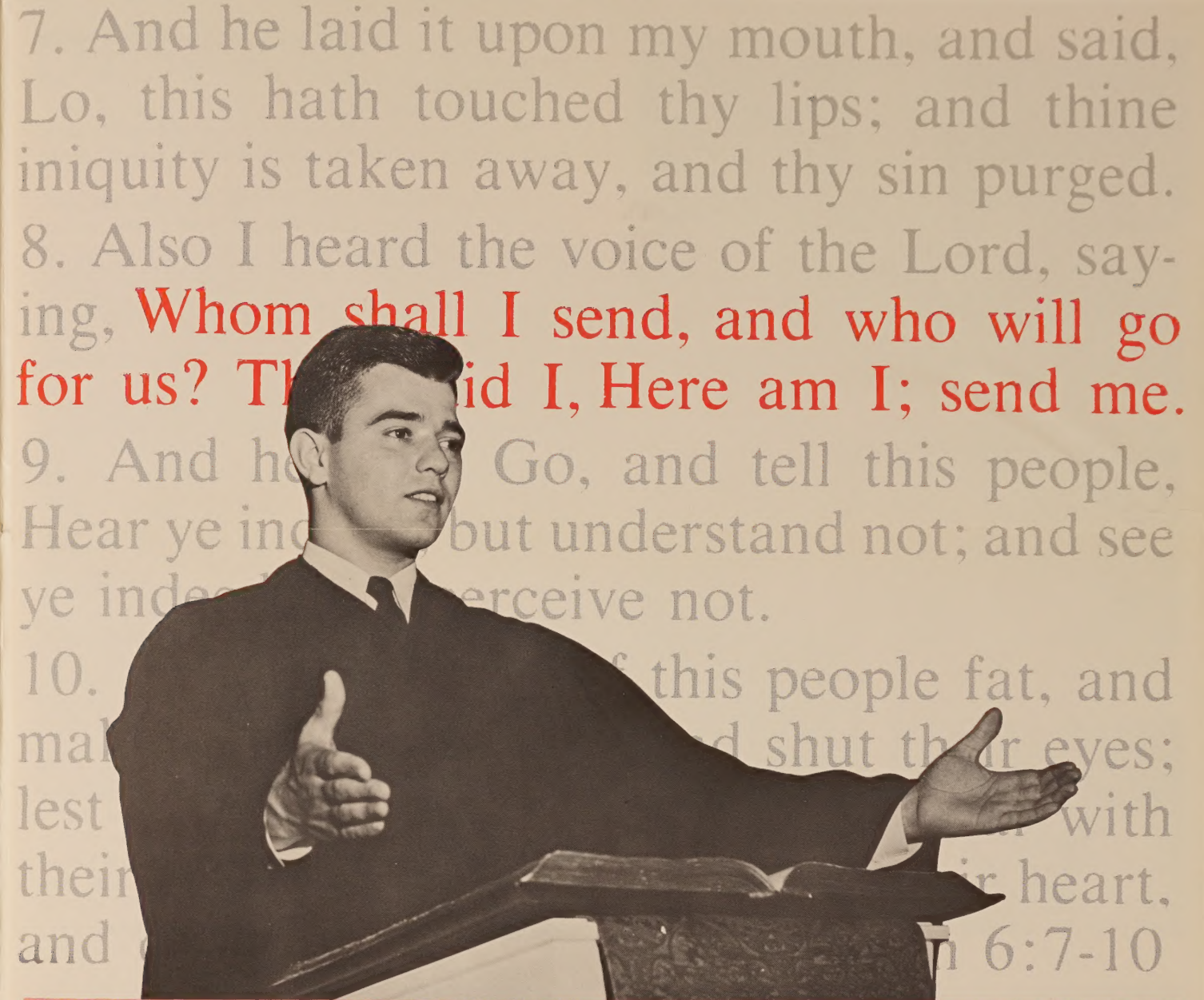
Perhaps the story that most reveals the worst and the best of the center city is the case of Barry. From his earliest moments of recollection he lived on his own, begging or stealing money from drunk relatives, surviving by his wits, but always alone.

After four years in school he still could not read, even the alphabet. Finally, he was placed in a city orphanage. There he caused so much trouble that at the age of eleven he was sent to the mental ward of the city hospital known as "the slaughterhouse."

Some months later the pastor of my church was visiting this mental ward when he saw a boy crawling under beds playing hide and seek with a frustrated nurse. The boy ran up to him and greeted him, "Hi, mister. I'm Barry. Are you a new patient?"

Since a member of his congregation had just been clubbed to death by a patient in this ward the pastor decided that he had to get Barry out of there. He was given permission to take him home, and some months later he and his wife formally became foster parents of Barry.

The first six months were literally hell, but slowly this wild animal was tamed by his first experience of any kind of discipline and love. One year later he was a living example of the power of love, a normal and happy youngster with a real hope for the life ahead.



It is twenty-seven centuries since young Isaiah said "yes" to God. More than six hundred young men and women now in Princeton Seminary have also said "yes" to God. Over one-half need scholarship aid.

Richard S. Armstrong,
Director of Development
Princeton Theological Seminary
Princeton, New Jersey 08540

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☐ entire congregation. A gift of \$100.00 will be acknowledged by student receiving aid.

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By R. Hunter Keen, PTS '51 and '68



LOYAL HALF RED

Loyal Half Red, a full blooded Dakota Indian, and I were sitting in his beat-up '54 Chevy. Almost everything he has is beat-up, for, like many reservation Indians, Loyal has known the taste of poverty most of his life.

"They want to hire me as a tribal policeman," he said.

"What a break!" I thought. He had worked only a few months in the years I had known him. He and his family were living on welfare and a little lease money from Indian land. Their two-room log house was neat and clean, but compared with normal American standards, it would be considered a shack.

"Do you think I should take the job?" Loyal's words interrupted the vision of opportunity I saw for him.

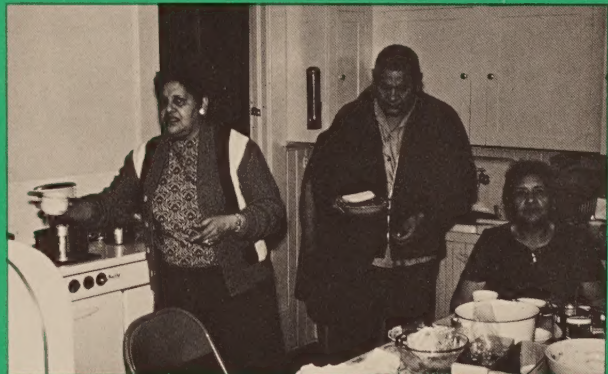
"Why, sure, you should take it. We need Christian men as policemen. Then people will be treated fairly," I replied.

Loyal Half Red is a faithful Christian. He is an elder in the Lindsey Memorial Church in Poplar, Montana, in the heart of the Fort Peck Indian Reservation. He has no outstanding talents or abilities except faithfulness to Jesus Christ.

"Do you think I should take it?" he persisted.

Loyal hadn't come to share good news about a job; he had come to seek counsel. The opportunity presented a problem, and he had to be sure of his course before going ahead.

"What's bothering you, Loyal?"



Loyal Half Red (center)
helping at church
social.

Preparing fish
for a church supper.

Girls
of the Dakota tribe.

"Well, you know how it is. We Indians are all related. If you do anything against someone, all of his relatives get mad at you. If I'm a policeman, I may have to go to some home to stop a quarrel or take somebody drunk to jail, or I may have to pick up some young person that has gotten into trouble. When I do that, all the relatives will get mad at me. Then, when I want to visit them to try to get them to come to church, or talk to them about spiritual things, they won't listen to me. I'm kind of afraid being a policeman will interfere with my work as an elder."

"Well, Loyal," I replied, "I think you can be a good elder and a policeman as well. But you pray about it, and ask the Lord to help you in the decision."

Several days later Loyal visited me again. He made no reference to the job offer we had discussed. Our conversation followed the pattern of many dozens of previous visits, for Loyal frequently called at our home, as we did at his. After I could contain myself no longer I asked, "What did you do about the job as tribal policeman?"

Looking a little sheepish, he said, "I turned it down . . . Jesus said, 'Truly I say to you, there is no one who has left house or lands for my sake and the gospel's, who will not receive a hundred-fold now in this time, with persecution, and in the age to come, eternal life.'"

Some time later, Loyal found work three days a week as custodian in a Public Health clinic. The income qualified him to occupy a new low-rent housing unit. He didn't make as much as a police officer, but neither did he violate his sense of obligation to the work of Christ and his Church.

ANNA KASTO'S GIFT



"Mazaska qu wo," she said in the Dakota language. She understood English, but her native words came easier. "Give him the money."

Anna Kasto was speaking, and her grandson counted for her. She is a little wisp of a woman. One could expect the wintry blasts of the Northern Plains blizzards to carry her away. She has weathered nearly eighty such winters. For a number of years now she has been



Boys
of the Dakota tribe.

An old type home on the
Fort Peck Indian Reservation.



a widow. Her husband had been a lay missionary bringing the Word of Life to his own Dakota people.

She has always lived in one of the little log houses without running water or electricity that dot the Indian reservations. Anna Kasto may have lived in a tepee in her earlier years. Modern conveniences were not a part of her way. As late as 1966 she shared a little log house with her grandson, Abe. There was electricity then, but still no water. Two beds, a dresser, a kerosene cook stove, several naked light bulbs, a few straight chairs, a battered table and a pot-bellied stove to keep off the thirty degree below zero wintry blasts, these were the appointments of her simple home.

A reed organ, the old kind that squeaks when you pump with your feet, stood against one wall. These are a familiar sight in Dakota churches and homes, where Christians love the music of the Gospel. When Anna Kasto moved to a housing unit for old people provided through Federal Government funds, the organ went with her.

Abe, the grandson, was raised by Mrs. Kasto after the death of his parents. He was now home on leave from the Navy and was taking his grandmother around to do her "business," as she does not see too well now.

After approval by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Anna Kasto was able to sell the land she had received under an Allotment Act of 1887. The sale was rumored all over the community . . . "What will Anna do with her money?" the gossipers asked . . . "A car, television, new furniture . . . what will she give her grandson, her cousins, her neighbors . . . ?"

What will a little old lady with almost nothing do with a sudden wind-fall of \$10,000?

"Give him the money," she said to Abe. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," he counted out the ten one hundred dollar bills. "This is for the Church," she said, and Abe placed her tithe of one thousand dollars in my hand.

A short time later I visited Mrs. Kasto. Instead of the squeaky pump organ there was a brand new piano . . . and Anna Kasto continued to play and sing the praises of God.



Anna Kasto playing hymns
on her organ.

The Gospel in Spain

By Thomas S. Goslin, II, PTS '44



"Can you come to a meeting at Oriente Cristiano tomorrow night?" Reverend Luis Poveda asked me over the 'phone.

"Sure. What's up?" I replied.

"Two or three of us are going to meet with the Archbishop of Zaragoza and some other priests," he told me. So we went. We talked with this high ranking prelate, who is also a procurador (member of the Spanish national legislature), and we laid definite plans for activities which would soon bear fruit in "the new day" for Spanish Protestants. The past has been difficult and the future is still uncertain, but the changes affecting the Roman Catholic Church internationally are beginning to have some effect even in Spain.

Luis, one of our most active and dynamic pastors, has just been granted an interview with the government official in charge of all primary education in Spain. Luis is trying to get official recognition for a small Protestant school he operates in Madrid, where, incidentally, all the Goslin children are enrolled.

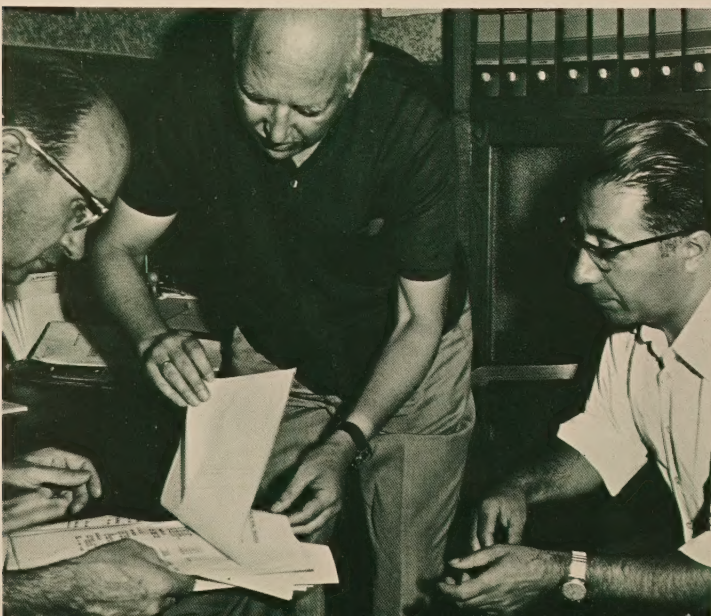
"I don't know whether I'll be able to accomplish anything," he said, "but we want to try to get this thing moving, in all good conscience, under the new 'religious liberty law.'"

Here is another aspect of change. Until recent months, no Protestant minister could interview high government officials. There is a new atmosphere of tolerance in Spain, particularly in big cities like Madrid and Barcelona. Protestants are hoping to open up new ways of work and witness. When there are only thirty thousand of you, a tiny minority in a population of over thirty million, it isn't easy!

Reverend Daniel Vidal, director of our United Theological Seminary here in Madrid, glows at the thought of thirteen students enrolled this year. The students are not only from our Spanish Evangelical Church (a union of Presbyterian, Congregational, Lutheran and Methodist missions of some years' standing) but also from the Episcopal Church in Spain. And there is a student from the island of Fernando Poo, where the capital of Spanish Guinea, now Africa's newest independent nation, is situated.

Constantino Ruiz-Garrido, a Protestant professor of Latin and Greek, has developed an enormous talent for translating into Spanish, from German, Dutch, English, Italian and French. "I've been in Costa Rica for the last couple of years," he told me, "but I'm happy to be back in my native Spain, and I'm endeavoring to promote the publication of Protestant books by the secular press here. They're eager now to bring out prominent Protestant thinkers in Spanish editions." Again, a new direction for the Iberian peninsula!

I often get to talk with the Stated Clerk of our denomination, Reverend Humberto Capo, who is also the secretary of the Spanish Evangelical Council, the nearest thing we have to a Council of Churches. "You know," confides Humberto, "we have some wonderful programs under way which have alerted us to the needs of the world around us. We are helping with missions to lepers, aid to the blind and assistance to refugees. Also, with other Protestant and Catholic churchmen in Europe, we are trying to do something positive about the avalanche of tourists." This year the number of tourists visiting Spain will approach twenty million! It is encouraging to see that after such a long struggle for



(Top): Meeting at St. Thomas Aquinas University, Madrid. Left to right: Dominican Friar, Luis Poveda, Tom Goslin.

(Second from top:): Inside the Protestant School, which meets in a rented house. Ian Goslin is boy on right.

(Third from top:): Part of the Goslin family. Left to right: Michael, Ian, Tom, Ann and Kay.

(Bottom, right:): A Seminary student from Africa inside the American Bible Society store in Madrid.

(Left:): Church leaders meeting. Left to right: Tom Goslin, Benito Corvillon and Don Francisco Garcia.



All photographs by: Philda Ragland, Manager of Production for Film and Photography, COEMAR, New York.

existence the church here is able to begin wider service to the whole world which "God so loved."

Julio Bailon, one of our fine senior students in the Seminary (where I teach Church History and Ecumenics), has been asking me questions about Princeton Seminary. While studying at the Institute for Ecumenical Studies in Bossey, Switzerland, on an ecumenical exchange, last summer, he met several Princeton men. He was so impressed with their calibre that he himself would like to be admitted for graduate studies in the field of New Testament. Most of our ministers have studied abroad for at least a year, and all of them speak at least one language in addition to Spanish.

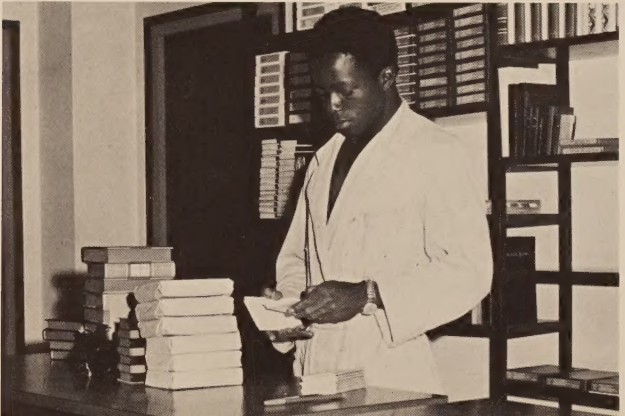
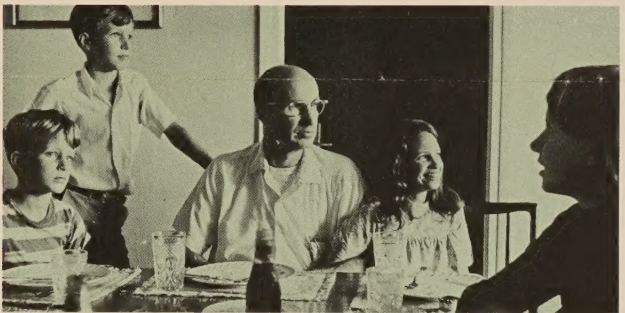
Reverend Gabriel Canellas, our Semitic expert, claims, "You Americans certainly know how to work! When I was in Germany this summer under the auspices of the United Bible Societies, preparing for translations, we never had a let-up!"

Gabriel may soon go overseas to take an active part in some of the exciting translation and publication ventures which affect the whole Spanish world. Our New Testament man, Reverend Ignacio Mendoza, comments, "Herder, the great publishing house in Barcelona, has sent a million New Testaments to Latin America. I worked on this new translation with other Protestant and Catholic scholars, and in this endeavor we were supported by the Taizé Community in France."

Herder now discusses publishing 300,000 copies of this ecumenical translation in Spain, where there is a real hunger for the Scriptures.

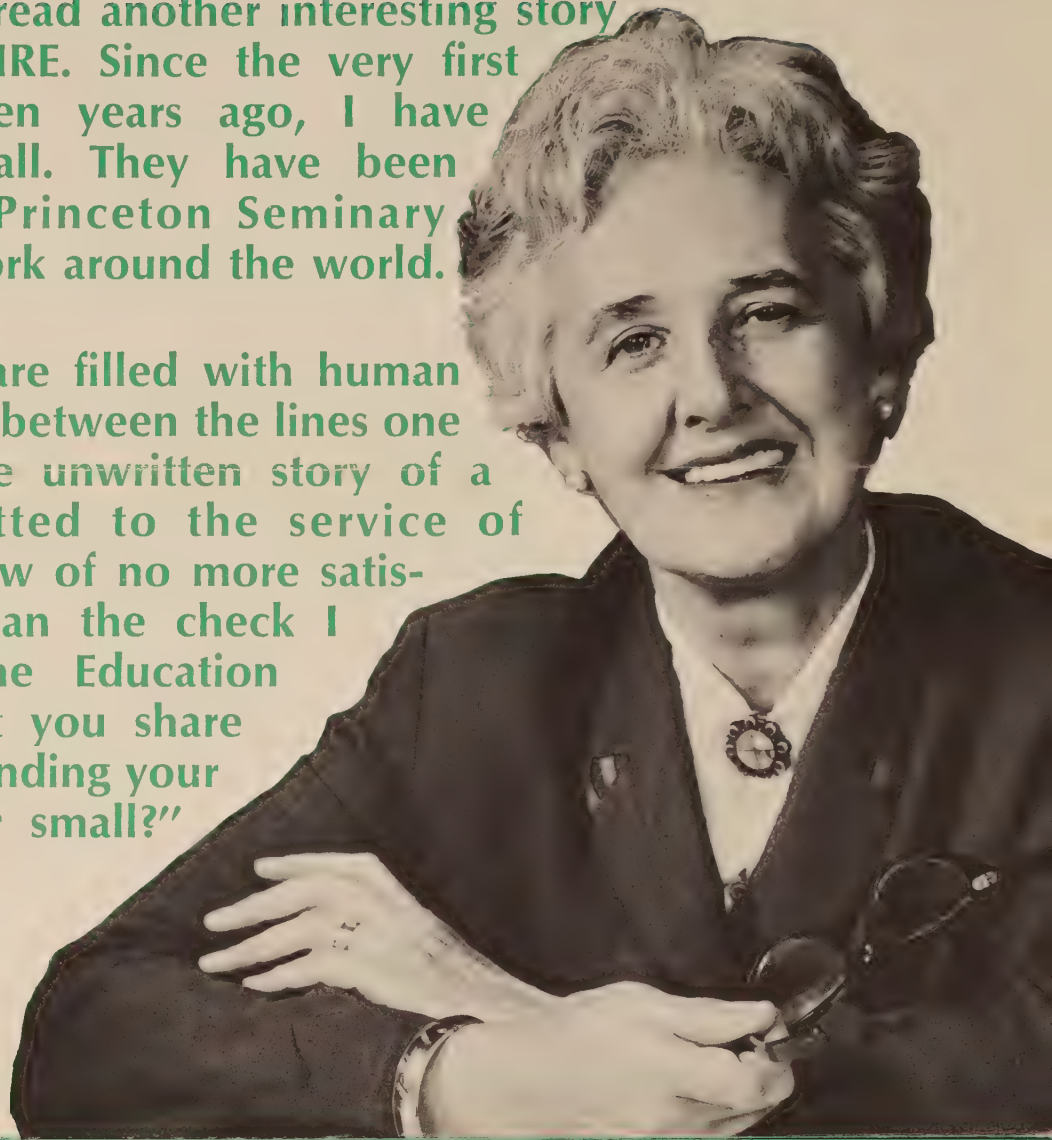
Louis Poveda has just called me again. "Padre Albarracin of Oriente Cristiano wants you and me each to give a lecture to the priests who are attending the special course on ecumenism this month. Can you do it?" "Count me in!" I said. What a privilege it is to serve the Lord alongside these able national colleagues, in a day when events are moving so fast in Spain, in church and state, that we have to revise all our assumptions.

Reverend Benito Corvillon, energetic President of our Spanish Evangelical Church and a veteran of the ecumenical movement from Amsterdam (1948) to the present, is a man with a keen sense of history. "You know," he said, "we are now celebrating the centenary of the beginning of Protestant preaching in Spain, which we call The Second Reformation." Benito and others are preparing for a year-long observance of this anniversary. The new century now opening before Spain's Protestants is a wide open door. We all hope to march through it in the power of the Holy Spirit!



"I have just read another interesting story from The SPIRE. Since the very first issue, eighteen years ago, I have read them all. They have been written by Princeton Seminary alumni at work around the world.

The stories are filled with human interest, and between the lines one can read the unwritten story of a life committed to the service of Christ. I know of no more satisfying gift than the check I send for the Education Fund. Won't you share my joy by sending your gift, large or small?"



Richard S. Armstrong, Director of Development
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- ☐ I enclose my gift of \$..... to aid one or more needy students.
- ☐ Please send me, without obligation, your booklet, "My Son in the Ministry," a plan for establishing a permanent memorial scholarship fund. This may be given in a single sum, by installment, or by bequest.

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I/we have children aged 40 or more at nearest birthday.

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY



Christians Teaching Hundreds to Heal Millions

by Kenneth M. Scott, M.D., Medical Missionary under COEMAR.

"SUDDENLY, as I was nearing the beautiful Church of St. John, an angry crowd surged down the street and within moments set the church aflame."

Mr. Nirmal Kaul, a Kashmiri, was recounting what he had witnessed in Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, during the six-day Arab-Israeli war. The Moslems in the crowd were showing their sympathy with the Arabs and evidently confusing the Christians with the Jews. Tension was high, especially after rumors spread that war planes had bombed Mecca.

Mr. Kaul continued:

"When someone in the crowd looked at me and said, 'Let's get him,' I hid my camera and quickly moved away. I was so scared, I broke into a run and didn't stop for two miles. By that time the other two Christian churches in Srinagar were also in flames."

Mr. Kaul, from a wealthy Kashmiri Brahmin family, had become a Christian after he came across a copy of the New Testament in a radio station library, read it through and, compelled by what he had read, committed himself to Christ. His family had reacted by expelling him from the clan and community, annulling his betrothal, and trying to poison him—all this before he had ever met another Christian! Now, as Publicity and Information Officer of the Christian Medical College and Hospital in Ludhiana, Punjab, he was in Srinagar making final arrangements for an "eye camp" to be conducted by the Christian Medical College in his home village, 40 miles from Srinagar, when this violence erupted.



An Afghan father and his son. The boy received cobalt treatment for a retinoblastoma of the eye.

Should they go ahead with the eye camp—the first eye camp ever to be conducted in Kashmir—or should it be put off, perhaps, to another year? But by that time many eye patients were already arriving, some carrying their beds with them, some walking for a

week to get there. And so the eye camp was held as scheduled.

Over the next six weeks 2200 eye patients received eye surgery, refractions, and other treatment at this Christian Medical College facility. Hindu and Muslim patients and their families lived elbow to elbow and heard for the first time the Good news of Jesus Christ. All this took place without "incident." Here was reconciliation at several levels, as well as hope and physical restoration for many.

One ponders the fact that the stone-throwing and church-burning in Srinagar made world headlines, whereas what happened in the eye camp 40 miles from Srinagar, which began two weeks later, was not considered "newsworthy" and so is known only to those who were there—as the 133 blind persons who can now see and the hundreds of other persons rescued from threatened blindness.

Nehru, the first Prime Minister of India, once remarked wistfully to a Western friend, "How fortunate you are in the West that you have a religion which gives you a concern for people."

Dr. Narayan Nambudripad, Professor of Neurosurgery in the Christian Medical College and Hospital in Ludhiana, says that it was chiefly this Christian "concern for people" that first started him toward a personal faith in Christ. When Dr. Nambudripad became a Christian ten years ago, his father and brothers were sure he had gone out of his mind and committed him to a mental hospital. Over a period of several months he was subjected to repeated

The author, Dr. Kenneth M. Scott, was born in Tsingtao, China, of Presbyterian missionary parents. His father, Charles Ernest Scott, graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary. Kenneth Scott was Acting Superintendent and Chief of Surgery, Presbyterian Hospital, Taegu, Korea, 1952-57; Professor of Surgery, Yonsei University College of Medicine, Seoul, Korea, 1958-63; Director, Korea Church World Service Tuberculosis Control Project, 1960-63; Director, Christian Medical College and Hospital, Ludhiana, Punjab, India, 1964 to date. He spends his sabbatical leaves at Princeton Seminary.



"We bring training to them right in India rather than luring them abroad . . ."

electro-shock treatment in a frantic effort to restore him to Hindu "sanity." But God was good to him and preserved him from harm, and one by one his four children and finally his Brahmin wife became Christians, too.

Joining hands with Dr. Nambudripad and his many Indian colleagues on the teaching staff in Ludhiana are Christian doctors and nurses and paramedical personnel from eleven different countries outside India, supported by 27 different Christian mission boards. All of them are there to provide medical and nursing education in an avowedly Christian context. The slogan of this international, interdenominational, ecumenical medical center is "Christians teaching hundreds to heal millions."

Half of the almost 300 medical students in the Christian Medical College in Ludhiana are men; half, women. They come from all over India and from twelve other countries. In 1968, the 50 students admitted to the first-year class were selected from 2,413 applicants — the pressures to get in are great.

Some of the cataract patients receiving their new glasses following surgery.

Below: More than 50 junior doctors from Christian Medical College and Hospital brought medical care to 150,000 displaced refugees living in tents following the Indo-Pakistan conflict of 1965.



A student nurse graduates with honors.



A Christian husband-and-wife team trained in Ludhiana, now heading up a new Christian hospital in South India.

In addition to the medical students there are more than 65 doctors in training with us in the ten post-graduate specialties in which we have, over the past six years, been approved.

This is part of our answer to the "brain-drain" problem so prevalent today in developing countries. We bring training to them right in India, rather than luring them abroad for the routine specialty training.

In the Christian medical center in Ludhiana are also schools for training nurses, physiotherapists and laboratory and radiology technicians.

We believe that if Christian values — integrity, the worth of human life, compassion, responsible service for others — are ever to be taught to the medical and nursing professions in India, it will take a Christian school to teach it and a Christian teaching hospital to demonstrate it.

We are not in India to build a favorable image of ourselves or to enhance the prestige of America or even of the Church. We are there to reflect the face of Jesus Christ and to reveal his redemptive love to the people of India, in obedience to his Great Commission.

Some of the 2200 eye patients at the "eye camp" in Kashmir in 1967.



Missionary Architect

by Taylor M. Potter, Visiting Fellow, Princeton Seminary 1965-

It was almost noon when we finally arrived in the village of Thai Samat.

"Where can I find the elders responsible for building your church?" I inquired.

"Probably at the village school," replied a villager. She had a bright face and a quick smile which revealed her black betel nut-stained teeth.

"We are happy that you have come," she said. "Our church simply fell down around its sturdy teak columns."

At the school we found the head teacher, who was also the village head man.

"Saw—hat Dee Ajahn—welcome!" said Khun Charoen, who was also the chief elder of the church. "We have been expecting you."

Turning quickly to a small boy, he said, "Run and tell the elders that the architect from Bangkok has come."

As we waited for the elders, Khun Charoen pointed to the bare columns which marked the outline of the old assembly room.

"This is all we could save from our old church," he said. "But we are still using it as a chapel for the school and a temporary place for our congregation to worship. It isn't much, but it provides some shelter until we build again."

The other elders arrived and we talked further about their common problem. I explained to them the significant contribution of modern church buildings to the life of the growing Christian community in Thailand. We discussed the meaning of worship and how Christians gathered together as

a family around the Lord's table.

"It has been a long time since we have had a visit from an ordained minister—why can we not have a communion service today?" asked one of the elders.

Before long some one had produced a bottle of grape soda-pop. This and the simple rice cakes of these hill people were the elements for the service.

"This do in remembrance of me," I began, in words of the Thai language; then, seated around on rough benches, we experienced together the presence of our Lord.

"Now, come to my home," said Khan Charen. "We shall eat and continue our discussion . . ."

We walked through the village to his home, removed our shoes and ascended the ladder-like stair to the pleasant open porch. We sat down cross-legged on comfortable grass mats, and could see for miles across the verdant rice fields to the mountains beyond.

"The hills you see on the right are in Laos, and those to the left are in Burma," said our host, "and about a hundred miles farther is China."

The preliminary plans I had prepared were spread out on the floor, and we talked about them as we ate from a common bowl of "sticky" rice and a common platter of meat-filled omelet. Bananas from the village gardens were added for dessert.

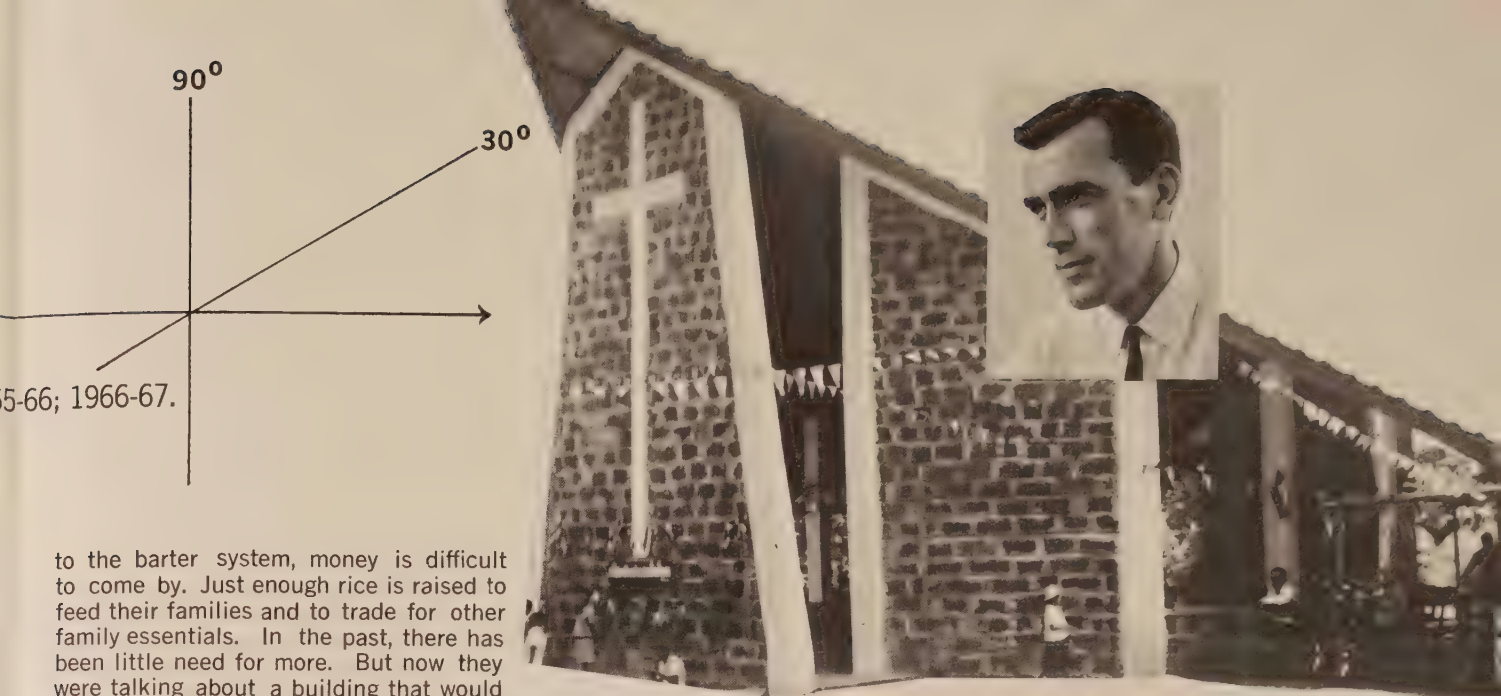
I made sketches, explaining the drawings, adding details and making changes as we talked. Then we came to the crucial question of cost. Since many rural areas of Thailand are still on what amounts



Discussion with the village elders.



Taylor Potter astride elephant.



5-66; 1966-67.

to the barter system, money is difficult to come by. Just enough rice is raised to feed their families and to trade for other family essentials. In the past, there has been little need for more. But now they were talking about a building that would cost real money. How were they to finance their new church building?

"We will have to do the work ourselves," one of the elders said.

"I can use my ox-cart to bring sand and gravel from the river," said another.

"I will use my cart to bring bricks from a neighboring village," said a third.

"If we have need for cash to buy roofing material, I will sell a buffalo," said another.

"I will go into the forest and cut some timber."

"Perhaps I can sell a pig."

"And I will give a plot of ground next to the school," said our host.

The enthusiasm swept around the circle and the elders of this tiny village began to believe they could actually build their own church. As the spirit of sacrifice and commitment grew, so did their confidence that they could build a material witness to their Christian faith.

So it is. Their clean little new church stands today not only as a beacon to their faith, but also as a testimony to dedication, commitment and cooperation.

The small narrow-gauge train stopped at Wang Po, present-day end of the line of the infamous "death railway" of World War II. From there it was an arduous two-day journey by jungle lorry through dense, almost impenetrable bamboo jungle across many streams and deep ravines to the head waters of the River Kwai, where as a missionary architect I was to explore the possibility of building a school and hospital under the mission program of the Church of Christ in Thailand.

After two days of preliminary investigation of possible building sites we were ready to go farther into the hills for conversations with leaders of the Karen tribe. Conversation in the villages is not difficult if one has the patience and the disposition to "hunker down" for a leisurely chat.

Early in the morning of the third day, Narong called out to us, "The elephants are on their way!"

We mounted our three elephants by stepping from a high porch into the ungainly houdas (a basket-like saddle) and tried in vain to find a comfortable riding position.

Completed village church on dedication day.

Karen children at building site.



Sawyers preparing lumber at remote construction site.



After four hours of fording streams, climbing and descending steep mountain sides, we arrived at a small cluster of thatch-covered homes. Here we feasted on a chicken dinner, prepared for us after I had shot a suitable rooster with my 22-gauge gun.

Pleasant shade was offered by the many trees and the homes, gracefully raised on stilts, which provide work space as well as shelter for livestock.

Older women and younger girls were quietly working beneath the houses on the chief village product, apart from the harvesting of rice, weaving luxurious grass mats. The men and hardier women were busy at other tasks.

It was for the Karen tribe, most of whom are Christian and live in these remote areas that we were planning the new mission center.

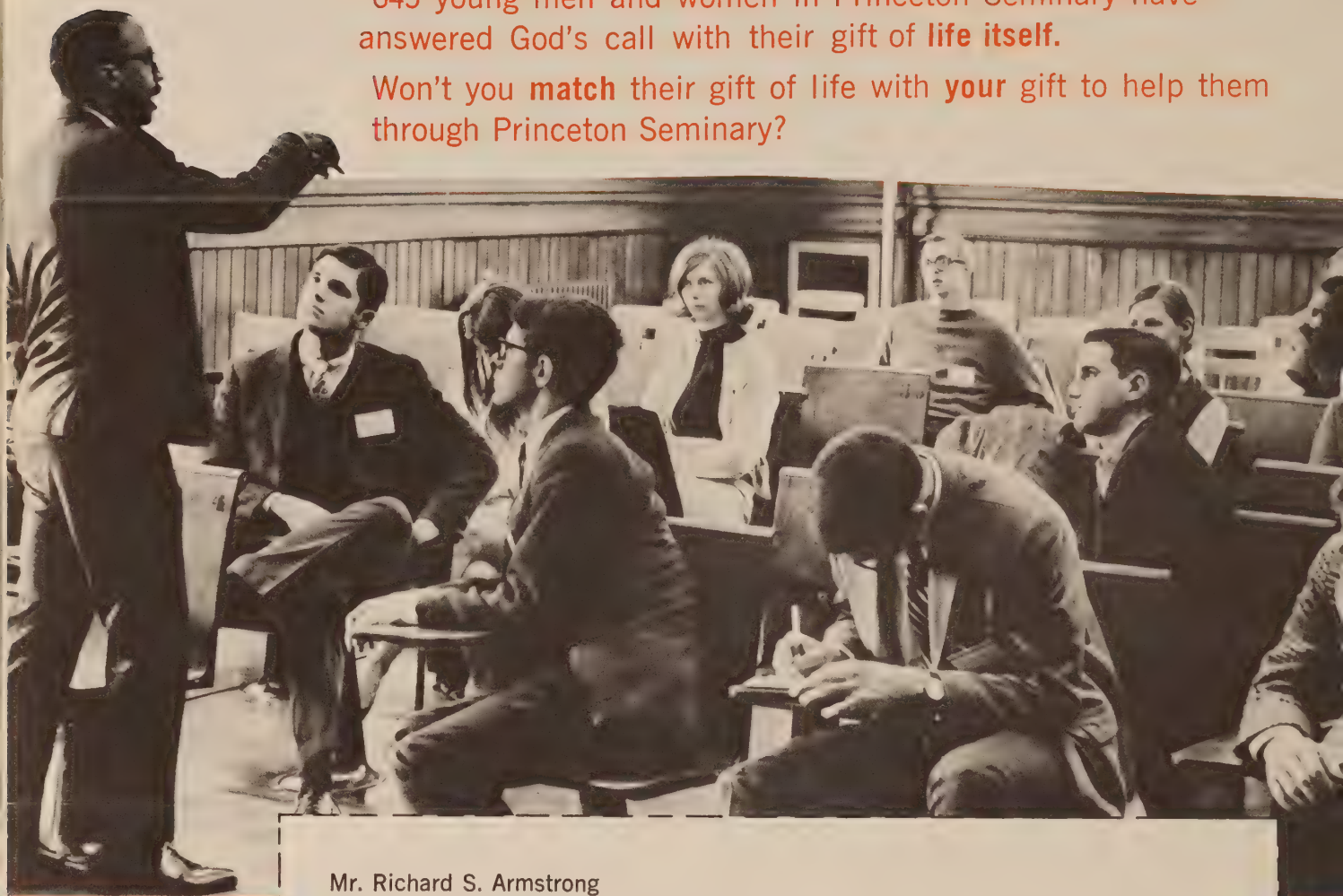
After many months the center was built and is now serving the religious, educational and medical needs of these neglected people in this far-off corner of Thailand. An effective ministry is now at work.

*“How shall they hear without a preacher?
And how shall they preach except they be sent?”*

Romans 10:14, 15.

645 young men and women in Princeton Seminary have answered God's call with their gift of **life itself**.

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"Here am I,
send me."

Isaiah 6:8



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TWENTY CENTURIES OF CHRISTIAN WITNESS

By ABBA G. MADHIM G. YOHANNES (Ethiopian Orthodox Church)
Candidate for Master's degree of Theology, Princeton Seminary, 1971.

This story begins in 980 B.C., or 2,950 years ago, when the Queen of Sheba, now Ethiopia, left her kingdom in the towering mountains of Eastern Africa, to visit Jerusalem to see the riches and splendor of the Court of King Solomon: "I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it: and behold the half was not told me." (I Kings 10:7)

The Queen returned to Axum, the ancient capital of Ethiopia, and in the course of time bore a son, whom she very appropriately called Eban Hakim (the son of the wise man). Thus the royal line stems from the Solomonic Dynasty.

When Eban Hakim reached manhood his mother sent him to Jerusalem to visit his father, King Solomon. The young man remained a number of months and, on his return to Ethiopia, it is said that he brought with him the Holy Ark of the Covenant. The presence of the Ark, together with the adoption of the Hebrew faith by the royal household, made Axum a holy city which well may have been considered a second Jerusalem. The religion of Moses thus became the faith of the people of Ethiopia. And so it continued until the Christian era. There is strong evidence that one of the Wise Men who came to Bethlehem at the time of Jesus' birth was an Ethiopian. "The kings of Tarshish

ABOVE: A crowd gathered to celebrate Liberation Day at monument commemorating the departure of Italian forces after five years of occupation. Graziani, son-in-law of Mussolini, in a single day ordered all males in Addis Ababa between 16 and 30 to be beheaded. Near this site were lined up in rows the heads of 800 young men. Of these, 143 had been trained for national leadership in the universities of Europe and America.

Graziani was accustomed to drop bombs from his plane on such crowds as this. He described the scene as "the opening of a beautiful rose."



His Imperial Majesty visiting the Theological Seminary of the Ethiopian Orthodox Church.



ABOVE: Church choir group.

LEFT: Cathedral of St. Mary of Zion. Located in Axum, the capital of the Queen of Sheba. Built in the 16th Century to replace the cathedral built in the 4th century.



ABOVE: Junior High School class.



ABOVE: His Imperial Majesty presenting degrees at the University of Haile Selassie I.

and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts." (Psalm 72:10)

Early Christians were venturing forth to preach the message of Christ. "And the Angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, arise and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert." (Acts 8:26) Then follows the beautiful story of Philip's encounter with the eunuch of Ethiopia, who made the simple profession, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." (Acts 8:37) Then came the baptism of the eunuch, the disappearance of Philip and the departure of the Ethiopian, who "went on his way rejoicing." (Acts 8:39)

Thus before Paul saw his vision on the road to Damascus and preached Christ to the towns of Asia Minor, the faithful eunuch of Ethiopia had brought the word of Christ to the royal house-

hold and Christianity was launched as the religion of the nation. Unlike the spread of the gospel in other lands, where it began with the lower classes, Christianity in Ethiopia began with the royal household and spread downward to the common people.

Eban Hakim established the Solomonic dynasty of the Ethiopian emperors, which has lasted to the present emperor, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie, who is the 255th monarch in unbroken succession.

Christianity has played a dynamic role in the spiritual, educational and cultural life of Ethiopia. The churches, and especially the monasteries, have been the centers of art, education, religious life, morality and discipline for Ethiopians for centuries. In the present century, however, a modern educational system was begun under the supervision of the Ministry of Education and Fine Arts.

Modernization of the country in all fields reached its full potential only upon the ascension to the throne of Emperor Haile Selassie. The Ethiopian government sends abroad a large number of students and candidates for the priesthood in the Ethiopian Orthodox Church. These students are doing post graduate work in Greece, Israel, Russia, Roumania, England and the United States.

This article has all too briefly sketched the story of a unique nation and a historic church. The people of Ethiopia are proud of their leaders. They are also proud of their Church which has held aloft the Cross of Christ from the days of the apostles. The Church has survived five years of foreign invasion, and, most important of all, it has brought comfort to the sorrowing, hope to the despairing, forgiveness to the sinful, and to countless thousands through the centuries it has brought "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

Ronald G. Bell, Princeton Seminary '62 is the only full time prison chaplain in New Jersey. He is Project Director for Somerset County Chaplaincy Council responsible for citizens of this county incarcerated in all the correctional institutions of the state and their families.

At 9:05 the other morning, No. 45777 at the New Jersey State Prison Farm at Rahway became Richard Mayor again.

At different times in his 32 years he had been No. 60165 at Soledad in California and No. 19008 at Rikers Island. He does not remember his number during the 14 months he spent in a military stockade.

There are no figures yet on how many people left prison last year, but the year before 96,377 walked down the corridor and through the gate as Mr. Mayor did. The statistics indicate that perhaps a half had made those walks before, and the prognosis is that many of them will do it again.

As the national crime rate rises there is more and more discussion of the role prisons should play — to punish, to rehabilitate, or both. These issues, and the problem of the prisoner returning to society, were reflected in miniature during Mr. Mayor's first 12 hours out after the last 37 months in.

In all, he had spent eight years behind bars for going A.W.O.L., burglary and possessing marijuana. But this time, he said, coming out was better.

"Before, there was no one waiting for me," he said. "I just left with no real place to go and no real idea of what I wanted to do, or could do."

Now there was Ron Bell, a Presbyterian minister who had visited him for three years and wanted to hire him as his assistant in a prison chaplaincy project.



Rick Mayor and Chaplain Bell waiting for an inmate to come out of jail who needs a place to stay, a job and a friend.





New York Times, 1970.

And there was David Rothenberg, secretary of the Fortune Society, a group that works with former inmates to push for prison reform.

On the day he came out four other inmates were released and they had no one to meet them.

Mr. Mayor wants to work as a social worker dealing with prisoners and returning convicts. "I am, if nothing else, an expert inmate," he said as he and his friends left the prison parking lot.

They went to a Howard Johnson's for a meal. When the eggs and toast came to the table it was the first time in more than three years that Mr. Mayor used a fork or knife.

It was also the first time he had eaten without hearing bells ring.

"Inside, you live by the bells. Bells to tell you when to eat, when to stop eating, when to sleep. It's all part of the dehumanization process that's supposed to prepare you for your release. Yesterday I was a number; today I have a name."

Mr. Mayor then talked of the strain: "I lost 12 pounds in the last month, because of the anxiety. It was greater than before because this time I knew what I wanted to do and I couldn't wait to do it.

"Last night I stayed up thinking about what I have to do. I really think I have come to terms with myself, not because of prison but because of people like Ron and David."

Mr. Mayor's wife was working, as she had all during his imprisonment, and would not be home until after 6 o'clock. So the former convict decided to do the things he had to do. The first step was the parole office in Elizabeth.

Matthew Grau, his parole officer, explained the terms of his release. He would have to obtain permission to get a driver's license, or buy a car, or borrow money or leave the state.

(Continued)



Chaplain Bell talking with a guard and the warden.

Talking with policeman about a newly arrived inmate.



*The Chaplain looking out the jail window
"at the end of a demanding day."*

*"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills . . .
from whence cometh my help."*



Group counseling in jail – (smoke filled).



Preaching in chapel.



Daily walk through the "parish".

Mr. Bell told the parole officer he planned to hire Mr. Mayor as his assistant when the money could be found by the Somerset County chaplain's office. Until then, his friend would work as a volunteer in the program, attend group therapy and discussions and work part-time in a bookstore.

From the office in Elizabeth, they drove to a day center for drug addicts where it was arranged that Mr. Mayor would work as a volunteer counselor. Then to the Bound Brook police station, where as a parolee he was photographed and registered.

It was late in the afternoon. "Damn, more has happened in this one day than in the last three years," Mr. Mayor said. "I know I'm out, but I just haven't been able to think about it." And he added: "There's just one more thing I have to do."

He went to a jewelry store and with the \$12.50 he had received in prison for his work in the laundry, he bought his wife a gold chain. Then Mr. Bell drove him to the neat suburban development where the Mayor family lived in a rented apartment the parolee had never seen before.

Mrs. Mayor hugged him and they kissed as their three children, aged 12, 10 and 4 years, stood silent. Behind the couple stood a plastic Christmas tree and under it were wrapped presents. There were no tears until the 4-year-old said, "Mommy, can we unwrap our presents now?"

Number
45777

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Procain injection before extraction for a child who suffered from toothache for five days.

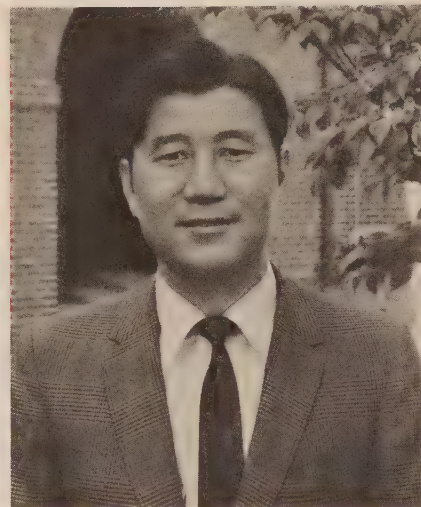


Close-up of surgical table.



Dr. Sam talks to patients waiting for treatment in the clinic.

DR. SAM



I was a lonely and homeless boy of fourteen. My parents and family had all been killed by communist tommy guns and the U.S. bombing in North Korea. Boy though I was, I was drafted into the North Korean Army. After three months of combat service, I managed to escape and made my way to South Korea. Ill, frightened, starved, I wandered right into the battle zone and soon found myself at the front line, a member in the labor corps with the U.S. Army.

After three years of this kind of life, the war was over and I decided to continue my education. I was forced to live in a cave in Seoul, and had to walk ten miles a day because I couldn't afford the dime to ride the bus.

It was Christmas Eve. I sat in my cave with no light but a flickering candle. My frost bitten fingers and toes were itching. The temperature was below zero and I had no heat at all. I couldn't study. Christmas Eve in a cave! The only way to forget my pain was to sleep. I slipped into my army sleeping bag, my only bedding. It was too cold to sleep. I put all my clothes on top of my sleeping bag. On top of them, I put my steel chair, hoping its weight would provide some extra heat. The cold feeling from the frozen chair penetrated my skin through the sleeping bag. I could no longer stay in the cave.

Millions of refugees flocked into South

Korea as I did, seeking freedom from the North. Thousands of these refugees were struggling continually for daily survival as they experienced the deep poverty of the slums of Seoul. How to participate in the suffering of these refugees in a meaningful way led me to study dentistry and theology.

"My child has been crying with a toothache for five days. Doctor, help my child, please," begged a weary looking village woman with her son on her back.

"Why didn't you take him to the dentist?"

"No dentist, here. Even if we had one, I still don't have the money."

"But you could have brought your son to our Christian Hospital."

"No, I don't have the money for a bus ticket, and your hospital is too far away for my child to walk."

His cheek was swollen! High fever! He was worn out already. The mother and the child had been tortured by the excruciating toothache! Five nights. Swallowing tooth-pain is certainly not an easy job, especially for a child!

There were more than two hundred village people waiting for our mobile clinic to arrive. Some had walked more than ten miles to get there. Many were from

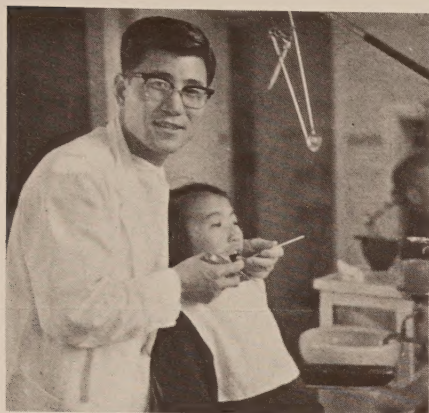
(Continued)

Dr. Jong Sam Park was born in North Korea and has received the following degrees: from the Seoul National University, D.D.S.; from the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Seoul, Korea, B.D.; from Princeton Theological Seminary, Th.M.; and from Virginia Commonwealth University, Master of Social Work. He is now conducting a combined ministry in KwangJu Christian Hospital, Korea, and among the Korean villages.

mountain villages, all with a similar urgent problem—toothache—which was more urgent than their sick souls!

Two folding aluminum tables were set up and nurses laid out all the portable dental instruments on them. Local young Christians lent us a hand by carrying water in buckets, counting the number of patients and giving out Gospel tracts.

Dental instruments in cold sterilizer,



Dr. Sam and charity patient in KwangJu Christian Hospital.

tissue paper for gauze, stools for dental chairs, primitive as they looked, would eliminate much of the pain which affected the people in this village.

At the end of the day, one patient brought a dozen eggs as a token of his appreciation. His lips were still covered with dried blood clots. "Thank you, thank you doctors . . ." Many people expressed their gratitude with multiple bows. Usually in these instances, there was not enough time for preaching or talk about Jesus. Showing our genuine concern for people's suffering and compassion for their struggling, was all we could do within a very limited period of time. "Why do you come to help us? Is this what you 'Jesus people' are always trying to do?" asked the villagers.

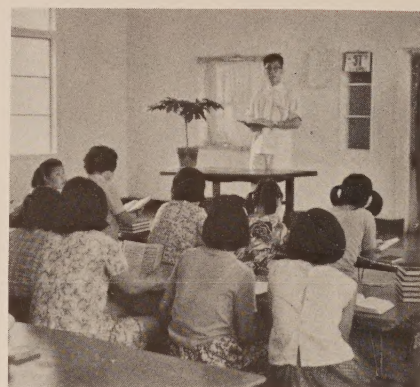
Usually local churches sponsored our mobile clinic and church leaders would organize their community, acquainting the people with the service we offered. The local pastor would visit every house to make sure that the people knew we were coming. Church leaders would often join the pastor in this community organization.

Dialogue between the local church and the community more often than not was built around a very practical issue—health. After our visit, the local pastor was in a better position to contact people, because love always speaks the truth and can move the hearts of many.

Before we left the village, the leaders informed us that many young boys and girls would run away to the big cities, hoping to find jobs. But there were no

jobs for them. Usually they ended up in a gang, in a detention home or in the red-light district.

Being volunteer chaplain for the KwangJu Boy's Reformatory and counselor for the Christian Home for Ex-prostitutes, I could well understand what the village leaders were trying to tell us. Still the pattern of Jesus' ministry as expressed in his own words is valid in today's world: "The blind receive their



Bible study in the Christian Home for Ex-prostitutes.

sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them."



Outdoor mobile dental clinic in a village.



Street clinic in the slums of Seoul.



Dr. Sam treats a leper.

Princetons' Youth Lose A Real Friend:

by DODIE MEDINA

Bill Kight, the "street minister" whose name has become a household word for many teenagers, is leaving Princeton this week.

Bill, who has spent four-and-a-half years ministering to the needs of youth, is graduating from the Theological Seminary, and his job with Trinity Church must end.

"I took the job in September, 1965, when I arrived in Princeton, and it was to terminate when I graduated from the Seminary," he explained. "Now that I'm better educated, I'm unemployed," he quipped.

The 26-year-old minister, who is called Bill by most youngsters in Princeton, said he knew nothing about drugs when he came here, yet has spent most of his time solving problems caused by the illegal use of narcotics.

A Soldier Leaves The War On Drugs

A sad thing is happening in Princeton. In a town where drug abuse among youth has escalated to the point where it accounts for 80 per cent of the psychiatric cases, a young man who has been plugging away quietly - and getting results - is leaving.

Bill Kight has graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary and his part time work as a "street minister" at Trinity Church has been terminated.

Bill would like to stay, and the people who know him best - the workers in the field - say his departure will leave a void. The youngsters whose trust he has patiently

WHERE THERE'S A WILL
There's a Way. "I can't remember when I've seen the Princeton kids really get into motion the way they have about Bill Kight! They usually more-or-less don't care..." Helene Peterson, involved with Princeton teenagers since summer of 1968, unloaded a mountain of loose bills on a collect to pub- (See

Princetoners met at resolution supply the budget in the or one year Princeton Pres-

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Parish is Nassau

"I just want to find out who I am... if it's not too late." He turned his face hoping I wouldn't see the tears glistening in his eyes. "I can't seem to get myself together; I am not making it at home or in school or anywhere. All I have ever been is a burden to somebody."

The boy was a bright, sensitive seventeen year old. His grandmother had just evicted him from his home; his father was dead; he did not live with his mother. His life was without anchor. I noticed that he was acting as though he had been taking dope. He admitted smoking a little hashish and opium.

* * * * *

"I can't take anymore. I'm worthless. All I want to do is get into the army and go to Vietnam and maybe I'll get killed over there... or maybe I can be somebody."

He was sleeping under a stairway at Princeton University, begging money on the streets for a miserable diet. I took him in and fed him. The next week the Juvenile Court would order his parents to take him back, but it would be no solution. The streets would claim a new resident and the drug traffic a new victim.

* * * * *

I walked down Nassau Street late one night a few weeks ago. This street is my "Parish." A sixteen year old youth from one of the "better" families leaned

against a store front. His eyes, despite the lateness of the hour, showed only pinpoints of pupil; he was on heroin. "Sometimes I just can't resist it," he said when I confronted him. "I haven't anything holding me together. This society is all fouled up and we treat people like animals. What difference does it make what I do? Nobody cares, anyway."

"Bull," I replied. "Look, man, you can make it. Whether the world is messed up or not isn't the problem; you have to pull yourself together—we need you to help make it a better place. You're a pretty valuable guy."

He shook his head in disbelief. "You don't know everything I do, Bill, and besides..."

"I don't care what you have done, man. Are you going to get trapped in the 'I did wrong things so I am worthless' trap? Your value doesn't depend on what you do; it depends on who you are, on the content of your character."

"Yeah, well, you tell my parents that. They think because I don't want to go to an Ivy League school or stay at home, that I am nobody."

"I am not going to buy that, because the guy who really thinks you are worthless is you, not your family. The only one shooting that dope is you. The only one hanging his head when he should be proud of the good qualities he has is you."

The guy I want to deal with is you, because I think you can make it."

That message is as basic as the New Testament. It is in effect a functional definition of salvation in that God says a man is worthful as he is and we are called to accept one another as Christ accepted us—to the glory of God.

I left this youth and started to walk down Nassau Street when I heard, "Hey Bill!" I turned to see a tall blond young man running toward me. "How are you? I just wanted to tell you thanks."

"Thanks for what?" I asked.

"Do you remember the conversation we had a year ago last October?" I didn't. "Sure you remember. I was all messed up and you sat on the bench and talked to me. We talked about my confusions and how I didn't want to go to college and why I took drugs." I began vaguely to recall the incident. "You suggested that I try going into one of the Navy schools on mechanics. I got into computer mechanics training and it is great. I'm going back to school to learn programming and when I get out of the Navy I may go to college and take up computer science. The Navy is great; it really gave me a chance to pull myself together. Thanks a lot for the advice... and for being interested in me. I really appreciate it."

THE BENEFIT OF R. KIGHT

...th of Princeton have paid for
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...honest and effective youth-
...town has ever seen:

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Street

If anyone had told me when I came to Princeton Theological Seminary in 1965 that I would be dealing with drug addicts and working with juvenile delinquents, I would have laughed at him.

I became involved when I noticed large groups of teenagers hanging out in front of stores on Nassau Street. I said, "Somebody ought to do something to help those kids." With the aid of some other seminarians, we opened an after-school coffee house in the First Presbyterian Church and, in nearby St. Andrew's Church, we held bi-weekly dances. Our street ministry program was on its way.

We began with the naive assumption that the youngsters themselves would automatically fall into an acceptable pattern of behavior. How wrong we were! There must be rules. But they could not be imposed from without. The problem was solved when we asked the youngsters to work with us on the job. Here was our most important rule: "Anyone caught in possession of or under the influence of alcohol or any drugs will receive a free, all expense paid trip to Borough Hall."

One thing is very clear. The basic questions youth raise *vis-à-vis* drugs or radical protest are ones of alienation and despair. Only when they have Christ as an anchor can they meet the chaos of their world.

Bill Kight's Back And Ready To Resume Work For Youth



The Princeton Presbyterian Commission, representing the three Presbyterian Churches of Princeton, called Bill Kight to serve as their man where the teenagers are needing and hurting, and Princeton Rotary is giving \$12,000 the first year to help it happen.



The "Street Generation" sits on Nassau Street alienated, bored; looking for action.

Left to right: J. B. Harrison, president, Princeton Rotary Club; William Kight; and Rev. Donald Meisel, minister, First Presbyterian Church, Princeton.



**"To make your money immortal,
INVEST IT IN LIFE."**

**Richard S. Armstrong
Director of Development
Princeton Theological Seminary
Princeton, New Jersey 08540**

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